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portrait yonder," and he pointed to the picture, which, till now, had escaped Reuben's notice, though mounted in a handsome frame, and hung in a conspicuous place near the window. "I never saw such an admirable likeness in my life, sir, never; and permit me to assure you that, from what I have heard of you from my brother, to say nothing of the high admiration I entertain for your talent, I anticipate much pleasure in your acquaintance. I have returned to England to spend the remainder of my life with my family, and save them from being plagued with the sale of my estates in India after my decease, although," added he, casting a facetious look at his niece, "I have not the least idea of dying for a number of years yet, I assure you. No, I am only in my prime at present; and by-the-by, sir, now I think of it, you shall paint my portrait. I have a host of friends and acquaintances, and if you make a good likeness, it may be of service to you. You shall begin to-morrow." The artist bowed his assent.

Reuben presently took his leave, but repeated his visit on the following morning, when the old gentleman had his first sitting for his portrait, and thus our artist became a complete *habitué* of the house, and so ingratiated himself with all, especially with the original of the portrait (which proved an excellent likeness), that he at last ventured to make an avowal to Emily of the passion he had long cherished, and was delighted to find himself favourably received.

Reuben had just finished a family group, containing the likenesses of two young ladies who had been Emily's school-fellows, and was submitting it to her uncle for inspection, when the latter exclaimed: "I think it is high time, young man, that you made your fortune, and I have long intended to give you a substantial lift. My friends, however, do not patronise you so handsomely as I could wish, and therefore," added the old gentleman, "I advise you to try something else besides portrait-painting."

"Something else, sir!" exclaimed Reuben, with a look of amazement so excessive that his friend could hardly refrain from laughter.

"Yes; but you need not look so perplexed; it is nothing at all extraordinary that I have to propose to you, though it has been both the ruin and the making of many. What do you think of matrimony?"

Reuben made no reply, but his look was sufficient to convince the inquirer that his intended offer would be rapturously accepted.

"I can see very clearly," continued the latter, "that you and my niece are far from being averse to each other. If I give her ten thousand pounds for her marriage portion, I am sure you will have no difficulty in obtaining her father's consent; and then I think you may make matrimony a sort of helpmate to portrait-painting, without having to plague yourself with such yellow-ochre-looking old fellows as I am."

We think our readers will agree that the correctness of the proposition thus laid down was perfectly undeniable. It was thankfully accepted, and although many years have elapsed since it was carried into effect, it has been found to answer so well, that the friends of the married couple are unanimous in declaring it to have proved a golden idea, by which the greatest possible happiness has been realised.

FINE ARTS IN AMERICA.

It is no longer fashionable in England to run down America as a matter of course, no longer in good taste to ridicule a country which contains so many of her off-shoots, and which has given such brilliant evidence of its capability for entering into honourable rivalry with her. The reading classes of the community are beginning to appreciate and admire the virgin Anglo-Saxon genius which has done so much to elevate and ennoble the paths of literature in the New World. This fact is owing a good deal to the circumstance that the prejudiced classes, the men of the war time, the rigid martinets of the beginning of the century, are dying out. The very memory of a state of hostilities between England and her gigantic step-child is passing away; and though there is yet much ignorance on both sides of the Atlantic, a more generous and noble spirit is

rising up on the eastern and on the western shores of that vast ocean, which in its eternal revolutions washes now the feet of England's chalky cliffs, and now the strand before the great ports of America. This is a mighty advance of the human mind.

For many years the English have accepted and adopted American authors, and have found them capable of writing the mother tongue in a way which has quite astonished the critics of an antiquated date. They scarcely recollect that Washington Irving, Prescott, Bancroft, Cooper, Emerson, Longfellow, Hawthorne, and Mrs. Stowe are children of our great republic, so identified have these names been with their literature.

They are also rapidly appreciating the progress of their brothers over the sea in the arts. No finer spectacle can be imagined than two great nations, of the same origin, after terrible rivalry in arms, after the battle and the storm, calming down in their feelings, and entering upon the beautiful contest of truth and beauty.

This contest began even before the quarrel. That very acute and excellent writer, George Palmer Putnam, has given some interesting facts on this subject. As he observes, the names known here, in painting, during the Colonial Period, were Watson, Smybert, West, Copley, Peale, and Stuart.

The first in this list is Watson, an artist who, though born in Scotland in 1685, gained his celebrity as a portrait-painter in this country. He was a man of talent, whose works are still preserved and appreciated. He dwelt in New Jersey, and began his career in 1718. The next name of note, that of Nathaniel Smybert, is also Scotch, but his fame was made in Boston, where he began to paint soon after Watson. It will be remarked that very many of our celebrities are of Scotch origin. This does not at all militate against the States, as the encouragement must exist for men to distinguish themselves in any branch of human acquirements.

But the first American name, of which the children of the old colonists are truly proud, is that of Benjamin West. The English are proud of him, but we are not less so. It was in this country he first drew breath and felt the inspiration of genius. He was born in Pennsylvania in 1738, and painted his first portrait there in 1753. But as in those days the materials for study were not sufficient, and West aimed at greatness, he went over to England, where he was received with a feeling which, had it been more general in high places, might have saved her a colony and, perhaps, spoilt a great nation. It is something for an American to have found in England the patronage of royalty and the presidency of the Royal Academy, to which rank he was elevated in 1792. We may probably have occasion to speak of him more fully, but the price of some of his pictures will show the estimation in which he was held. His "Christ Rejected" was purchased for £3,000; his "Death on the Pale Horse" for £2,000.

The father of the present Lord Lyndhurst is another instance well worthy of being quoted and remembered. His name was John Singleton Copley, and he was born in Boston in 1738. He painted the portraits of many distinguished Americans, but studied and carried on his profession with success in England, where all members of his family and connexions now hold a deservedly high place.

A student of West attained to a very high position as a painter of portraits in this country—Charles W. Peale of Maryland. Gilbert Charles Stuart also reached to eminence both in London and his native country, he having been born in Rhode Island in 1754. To him we owe the best portrait of that great and good man, Washington, of whom Lafayette so justly said, that scarcely any preceding man ever combined in himself so much of what was great and good in human nature. This portrait is one of the heirlooms of our great republic, and is highly valued and appreciated.

Since the Declaration of Independence, many painters, sculptors, and engravers, have arisen, of great talent—men who, in all probability, will hold a deservedly high position in the history of art. It is curious to notice, that many of them are of the good old Flemish stock—the Vanderlyns, the Verbruycks, and others—though the majority are of the Anglo-Saxon race.

William Dunlop, born in New Jersey, 1766, who began to paint at a very early age, was the first secretary of the American Academy of the Fine Arts. He was a pupil of West's, and was an amusing and pleasing writer as well as an artist.

Trumbull combined the arts of war and peace; he was well used to the

"Shrill trump,

The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,"

having been one of the aides-de-camp to Washington, at the beginning of the war of independence. After serving for some time, he quitted the arena of strife,

"To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell

To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,"

and succeeded very well as an artist. Several of his paintings on American historical subjects are now contained in the Trumbull gallery at New Haven. He painted four large pictures for Congress, receiving £1,600 for each of them. They are of a very high order of merit. Colonel Trumbull was a travelled man, and died in 1842 at the age of eighty-six.

Amongst the ablest of our artists, we must not fail to quote Vanderlyn, two of whose pictures are well known even in Europe.

These are, "Ariadne," and "Marius amidst the ruins of Carthage." This artist has shown himself possessed of great grace and delicacy.

Malbone is celebrated as a miniature-painter. He would bear favourable comparison with any modern artist in the same line. His merit is recognised by many on this side of the Atlantic.

Rembrandt Peale, who must have been intended for a painter from his boyhood, produced several very fine pictures; amongst which the best known are "The Roman Daughter," "The Court of Death," and "A Portrait of Washington."

Sargent, a Boston artist, born in 1797, produced many works of interest and talent. His best—at all events his most celebrated—is "Christ entering Jerusalem," which sold for 3,000 dollars.

Jarvis, born in England in 1780, was brought to America when five years old, and remained here the rest of his life. An able artist in many walks, he is chiefly known as a portrait-painter. Many of his pictures of public characters are to be seen in the City Hall of New York.

Sully is a name widely known and respected among us. He, too, was born in England. His father was an actor. He was taken to Virginia in early childhood, and there commenced his pictorial studies. He settled in Philadelphia, and is well known as the painter of "A Portrait of Queen Victoria," for a society in that place. A popular engraving was taken from it.

Washington Alston is another name not to be forgotten. He was called the American Titian. He was an accomplished man of genius. Educated at Harvard College, he was a man of taste and varied acquirements; went to England, knew West, Wilson, Finch, Beaumont, Leslie, and others. His pictures are known and appreciated in England. Leslie is too well known to need mention.

In this article we make no pretence of exhausting American names. We have merely collected a few, to show what our countrymen of the early part of this century have done towards forming a School of Art.

THE GERMAN EXHIBITION.

It may be that the exhibition we are about to notice, is owing more to the influence of Prince Albert, than to the general English patronage of foreign art. Not that the public who care about art in England, and who buy pictures, are at all blind to the merit of foreign artists; on the contrary, in this respect they offer a most gratifying contrast to their continental brethren, for some few years ago, when at the Exhibition of the Louvre, we well remember that there were then only two English pictures by a modern artist in that collection, and those pictures certainly were magnificent—they were interiors by Roberts. Now, not only are English galleries filled with the productions of the Italian and the Dutch schools, but 'tis not long since, when the Vernon collection was bequeathed to that nation, that the foreign productions predominated over those of native talent. The vigorous bearing of the modern English school; so rich in every variety of art; so transcendently excellent as to force itself, so to speak, into notice, has entirely remedied this; and art has been so well rewarded there, that even distinguished French and German painters have been attracted to those shores. The French exhibition may have been encouraged by the excellent feeling at present established between the two nations; the German, we take

it, by the ties of consanguinity which subsist between the thrones as well as the peoples.

From whatever source it may arise, the result is most pleasurable. The exhibition is very creditable, and also curious as establishing an identity of feeling as regards art between the people of each country. This is especially remarkable in their landscapes, many of which are perfectly English in their treatment.

The size of the exhibition is too small, the number of pictures, with additions, only amounting to eighty-five! The price charged for admission being one shilling, the same as the Royal Academy and other exhibitions with three times the number of paintings, this present gallery stands at some disadvantage with regard to the pockets of those who are economical. In fact, it would be not only beneficial, but graceful on the part of the conductors, to open their gallery at half-price to their countrymen and the middle classes of the community.

The first painting in the gallery, "Where there is no Money, there is no Law," is a scene in a tavern, wherein an old cavalier, with a comical look of roguery upon his face, refuses to pay for his entertainment, and we presume quotes the German proverb which forms the title of the picture. The enraged countenances of the host and hostess are excellently contrasted by the calm look of the Dutch Macaire. The colour is very good, the *chiaroscuro* well kept, and the accessories remarkably well painted by A. Siegert.

(No. 12), "A Sketch—subject from the Peasants' War," by O. Knille, is very finely drawn and remarkably spirited. The positions are free, natural and unaffected. (13), "A Fruit-piece," by A. W. Präyer, is worthy of the old Dutch artists of the same style. The composition is very simple; a bunch of grapes still attached to the stem, upon which is a leaf wonderfully painted, lies upon a slab of marble, and slightly in the background is a glass of champagne, not long poured out, with the effervescence still rising in the glass. The effect of this is wonderful, the glass and wine are so painted as to make the visitor believe that they have never been excelled. The whole picture is sound in its finish, and so modestly painted as to put to shame the more glaring compositions of Lance and Duffield, who would do well to take a lesson from it.

(No. 19), "Sketch—The Battle of Grossberon," is very spirited and remarkably accurate in costume; it is painted by G. Blietbreu.

(No. 24), "A Scene in Norway," by A. Leu, is very grand and imposing. On the top of a vast mountain, a solitary little lake, probably formed by the crater of an extinct volcano, reflects the sunset. Deer and elk stretch out their antlered heads upon the mountain top, whilst wild flowers bloom from every crevice in the stone. Both colour and execution are good.

(No. 27), "Sketch—subject from the Thirty Years' War," by G. Sell, is a spirited scene of war and devastation. Some of Wallenstein's party are besieging a castle, and the painter has chosen the interior of a room wherein a party of defenders are about to fire from a window upon the besiegers. An old man, in instant danger of being struck by a ball, peers down into the court below, whilst another, presenting his piece, pulls him from the scene of danger. The chief centre figure uplifts his hand and threatens two prisoners, one of whom is wounded and reclines on the floor of the apartment. The eagerness of the combatants, the determination and stern feeling of their countenances, and the perfect knowledge of anatomy shown by the artist, render this picture as fine and interesting as any in the gallery. The style is somewhat after that of Charles Landseer with us; but the German painter has signally triumphed.

(No. 38), "The Death of Louis IX. of France, A.D. 1270." A large historical picture by C. Bewer, is the most ambitious picture in the room. On the coast of Africa, in an expedition against the kingdom of Tunis, Louis was attacked by a fatal malady. The artist has chosen the scene when upon a bed of ashes, raised in his tent, with the crucifix before him, and surrounded by his army, Louis yielded up his life to Him who gave it. A quotation from the "Biographie Universelle" explains the picture:—"The dying king, the kneeling priests, and devout soldiery, the glow of the sky, reddening with the declining day, all render this representation of a solemn scene, solemn and grand in itself." The armour and accessories are drawn with the same knowledge and minute